

Standing Alone

Story: Standing Alone

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/1832641/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Angst/Tragedy

Author: D. Wander

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/238184/>

Last updated: 04/24/2004

Words: 3346

Rating: T

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Oneshot PGPG13 Edited, hopefully all the mistakes are out now. Immortality is the one thing sought of by man. But there is one man who knows the pain and joy of immortality, but he now only remebers the pain....Please Read and Review..

***Chapter 1*: Standing Alone**

Well....this is my first try at an Angst story. Please be nice.

Link:.....why?

Because I asked!

Link:....uh huh....(Looks at the readers.) FLAME HER BUTT
OFF!!!!!!!

YOU STUPID MUSE!!!! ____ (Pulls out the hammer and hits
him over the head.)

Link: @__@ ouch.....

Serves you right! Anyway, I don't own Golden Sun, or
anything, all is own by Nintendo and/or Camelot

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Standing Alone

People walked on the gray, cement sidewalk; each minding his or her own business, their thoughts lost in their petty problems. One in particular was strolling down the city, Los Angeles. A woman with bags full of food, children's clothes, and laundry was concentrating on her next job; she needed to pick up her children. Lost in thought she bumped into this particular man. She mumbled a quick sorry, picked up her bags, then left. The man she had knocked into lowered his sunglasses, revealing stunning green eyes. He studied the back of the woman then pushed his shades up and resumed walking. At a side glance he seemed average. Another person lost in the crowd of the over populated city.

He was average size, approximately 5 foot 11. A pair of loose jeans, with a leather belt to hold it in place. He wore mud, grass, and travel stained hiking boots. A light blue shirt covered his well muscled body and his thick arms gave hints of a body builder. He had a knapsack over his shoulder, loaded with his personal possessions; toothbrush, toothpaste, a comb, his wallet, and a spare change of clothes. What was intriguing about this man, who was possibly in his late twenties, earlier thirties, was his hair. A strange sky, baby blue. Other men found it disgusting for a man that age to dye his hair, but women held a slightly different opinion. If one was lucky enough to meet this man would sigh in content. His hair, upon closer look was glossy, with a silky texture. He wore it in a loose ponytail, cascading down his back, ending at the middle. Often women would dream of running her hand through that lush, soft, hair. To feel those strong arms around her body, to feel his warmth, to inhale his scent of the sea air.

But this man was a loner. A hermit, he traveled to one city to another never staying in the same place too long, but no one knew this. Many thought that Los Angeles was a home away from home for him because he came here every year, the same month, and stayed for a week then left. No woman was ever lucky enough to get close to him, but his name was always in the conversation when the time of his arrival came. Peter Dakerson.

~ ~ ~

Peter glanced at the digital watch. The blinking numbers read one forty- six. He casually stuck a hand in his jean pocket. He would have preferred to have visited in his other, more comfortable clothing. It wasn't that his jeans and shirt weren't snug, even after all theses years Peter hadn't gotten used to the clothing. Dakerson made his way towards a

small outside restaurant where a sign said to set yourself. He made his way towards a table near the corner. It held two seats and a checkered table cloth; an umbrella stood unfurled shielding him from the sun, if there was any. Dark clouds rolled into the sky, blocking the sun's warming rays. Peter removed his sunglasses stowing them into his knapsack. A woman with flowing blonde hair walked up to him. Winked and asked him for his order. While Peter tried to make a decision the woman was trying numerous ways for him to look at her with his emerald eyes. Peter ordered a chicken sandwich and a glass of ice tea. The waitress pouted as she left, having failed to attract him.

His order arrived a few minutes later. Peter ate it in silence. Around two ten he left the café after paying his bill. His money was running low, but another few months of working would counter that. Peter continued down the well known sidewalk. He ducked in a floral shop just as the first drops of rain fell. A nice spring shower.

Excuse me miss, he caught the attention of a young girl.

Yes sir, she smiled politely. What can I do you for you?

I would like a few flowers.

Very well, she walked around the counter and helped Peter pick out nine roses.

He left with a smile holding the nine flowers. Holding them gently Peter made his way towards the Cemetery. It was a huge sacred place, many family ties could be traced back here. Tombstones of various sizes dotted the ground. Many had flowers adorning the gravestones. There were a few families visiting, an elder man visiting his wife, a young man visiting his son he never saw and his beloved wife who died birthing that son. All of them had bleak, pale faces. Peter

moved away from the walkway and off into a trail known by heart. Dakerson moved with familiarity, pushing back a tree branch, before finding a secluded patch. Nine gravestones were laid there, each with different engravings on them. One held mountains, another held waterfalls. A third had carvings of birds that were undistinguishable, a fourth was a forest, a fifth had volcanoes, and a sixth held rolling plains. The seventh gravestone had flames, the eighth had a dragon poised with fire breath raging on the land, and the ninth had a large bird with her wings stretched out. Gently he set one rose on each of the Tombstones.

Peter Dakerson closed his eyes. Once they opened he reached up and pulled out a pair of contacts, blue contacts. Now, a pair of golden eyes looked upon the graves. I'm back, he whispered.

A thin breeze found its way into the small area. Whispering into his ear. Peter Dakerson heard the voices of his beloved friends, and lover. They spoke his name, the name he never used in public, the name he had shed and hadn't heard in a long time....

Picard.....they murmured.

Picard opened up his knapsack and reached inside. Finding his wallet he opened it up and pulled out a photo, folded and slightly crumpled. In the picture was his friends and lover. There was also an old man, but he was not in there. The old man, Kraden, had invented this contraption, now called the camera. Of course, the old scholar hadn't known that long ago.

A man with raven hair and dark eyes sat on the ground with a smile on his face, one of his rare smiles. Felix. He was a silent man, with a stern face, that at times might have been

carved out of stone. His younger sister stated many times over that her brother wasn't always like that. He had been kind, caring, and smiled often. But after three years living in the frozen lands had changed Felix. When Picard had met him the raven haired man rarely spoke. Felix never spoke unless it was worth saying something. He was a born leader, and everyone turned to him. Kneeling behind him was his lover, her arms wrapped around his neck, and a smile plaster on her face. She had short red, pinkish hair, and crimson eyes. Picard still remembered when the group had found out that he was in love with her.

Karst. She had at first been their enemy, until the very end. They had found out way she and her friend, Agatio, had sought so desperately the Elemental Stars. Their village Prox, was slowly icing over, and the Golden Sun, raw power that was untamed had to be released and the balance restored. The group had thought her and Agatio dead after fighting them. The two had transformed into hideous dragons and the change had taken a large toll upon their bodies. Well, after lighting the Mars Lighthouse the energy that pulsed outward from the beacon reached them and restored the two. A year later Felix visited the newly built and thriving Prox. There Felix and Karst had formed a relationship. Karst was the exact opposite of Felix. She held a temper, and kept grudges for long periods of time. She practically snapped at everyone when Felix brought her home to Vale. Eventually they respected her, if not fear her, and welcomed her to Vale.

Standing behind them was Felix's sister, Jenna. She had a huge grin on her face, and was winking at the camera. She had long flowing rustic red hair, held up in a ponytail. Cinnamon eyes twinkled. She had a temper that matched Karst's and a sharp tongue. The young girl had been a hostage through half of the adventure before taking

participation. Jenna had been crushed when she was thirteen. Her parents and her brother had been thought dead and for four years she lived alone. This possible caused her to have, so to speak, some edges around her. She was pleased to find that her brother and parents had lived.

Her boyfriend was behind her with a large hand resting on her shoulder. A grin, matching her's was on his face. He had bright red spiked up hair that defied the logic of gravity and cinnamon eyes as well. Gareth. He had a huge appetite and only Jenna was able to keep him in line. Him and her would bicker and toil and fight, but it was their unique way of love. He was strong, and had a dense head at times....but his heart was in the right place, always with her. When she was kidnapped he had vowed to get her back. And he did.

Next to them was a youth with blond spiky hair, also defying gravity. His crystal blues eyes sparkled and a smile was on his face. Isaac. The young man had an aura that calmed anyone with trouble, and had a generous heart. His father had been taken away from him the same time Jenna's was. Isaac had then lapsed into a silence that wasn't broken very easily. The only ones who could get him to talk was his mother, Gareth, and Jenna, before his quest was assigned to him. The Wise One had sent Isaac and Gareth off on a quest to retrieve the Elemental Stars and stop the Lighthouses from being lit. But both of them had a change of heart upon meeting Felix.

In front of Isaac was a girl with flowing blue hair, like a waterfall cascading down. She had eyes that matched Isaac's. She was his angel, his lover. Mia. A healer at heart she joined Isaac and Gareth when they had helped her at the Mercury Lighthouse. Fate had played her hands well, for Isaac and Mia were soul mates, like two halves forming a

whole. She was able to break Isaac's wall of silence upon their first meeting.

A pair of blonds sat in front of Isaac and Mia. The boy had violet eyes, and the girl had emerald eyes. Ivan and Sheba. They were the youngest and were already dating. Ivan had fallen in love with her upon meeting her on the lighthouse, and she likewise. The two played on the opposite sides for quite away before uniting at the Jupiter Lighthouse.

Another woman stood off to the side, with lavender hair, braided that ended at her knees. She had a small smile on her face, and violet eyes held knowledge. Hamma. She was Ivan's older sister, by three years. Hamma had remained quiet when first meeting Ivan, for his destiny mustn't have been changed. She was his only family then.

Standing next to her, was Picard. A long, long time ago. He hadn't aged, at least not on the outside. They were all happy there. But now....then....a few years later, after the Lighthouses had been lit, tragedy stuck them all. Felix had died when he was helping build a house in Prox. He was packing everything up, collecting the tools, when the blizzard hit. Felix had tried to find his way home, but.....Karst found him frozen....dead. Over come with grief Karst locked herself away in Vale at their old home. She eventually killed herself, rammed her lover's sword through her. She wasn't the only hit with grief. Jenna also went into depression. Garet had died in a fire; he had been working as a blacksmith when the fire grew out of control. He had been busy making sure all of his co-workers were out that he hadn't noticed the sagging roof. The flaming wood collapsed on him. Jenna eventually starved herself to death.

Sheba and Ivan hadn't done much better. They were depressed that their beloved friends had died, but they had

other things to think of. Sheba was with child. Unfortunately, she died in child birth, and the baby died as well. Ivan was so shocked and went through the rest of his life in a zombie like stage. He hadn't seen the runaway carriage coming. The would- be-father saw it at the last minute. Even if he had seen it Picard believed that he wouldn't have moved. Isaac and Mia hadn't heard of this at all. They were traveling around the world offering help where it was needed. They died at sea, during a sudden storm. Their bodies were found washed upon shore. Found by him, Picard. In fact Picard had been with Vale, when Karst and Gareth died. He had made his way towards Kalay, where Ivan and Sheba were staying, when Jenna died. The sea-faring man had made it just in time to see Ivan die.

They only who hadn't died yet was Hamma. His beloved. But she died soon after. Hamma had descended into a coma during one of her visions. She never woke up again, and died from lack of nourishment.

Picard felt something cold against his face, tears. Tears of the loss of his friends and lover. The pain had never healed. Never would. Unable to take it any more he fell to his knees and wept. The tears kept coming, sobs, echoed in the forest. People fear death, they fear it. Many would give anything to have immortality. Picard was that in flesh and bone, or relatively close. His life span was stretched beyond comprehension. He was old, even he didn't know the precise age. The blue haired man had lost count after half a century. To live forever, that was a punishment so cruel. A curse and a gift.

Gift, Picard muttered. No, a curse anyway he looked at it. He saw death, sickness, murder. He had watched as all those he knew and loved wither away, while he stayed young. What was the point of eternally life, with no one to share it with.

He wondered why he didn't kill himself now. Because he was weak. He couldn't take his own life. Fear, kept him at bay. He was fearful of death, just like any other man. Picard heard the voices of his friends, but not in greetings but in criticism.

Coward.....

You call yourself a friend....?

You didn't help us in our time of need.....

We were there for you when you needed us....

How dare you come here for sympathy.....

You are no friend.....

Leave.....

No! Picard cried out. Please! I would do it all over again if I could....

If.....'if' is such a weak thing....it's an excuse.....

No, Picard you will live with your guilt.....

Live alone.....for eternity....

The golden eyes man couldn't take it any more, as he sobbed away on the ground. There was no chance of forgiveness. He was weak, frail, nothing more.....

.....Picard.....my love.....

Wiping his eyes he looked up to the sky and murmured her name, Hamma.....

Unforgivable.....his friends' voices faded and were replaced with his own.

You let them down.....you have no one to blame but yourself.....and the pain will eat at you, still eats at you.....

No, he cried. I did what I could....

But it wasn't enough.....they still died.....you could've talked Isaac and Mia out of going.....you could've gone with Felix to Prox and helped.....you could've saved Garet.....but you didn't.....

No.....I....I couldn't. Isaac....Mia.....they left during my return to Lemuria.....my uncle he.....needed me.....he passed away.....Felix.....him and Karst.....the trip to Prox was like a honeymoon, it was theirs..... How could I intrude on them? And Garet.....I.....I was sick.....

Yes, yes....tell yourself that....make your guilt vanish.....make yourself feel generous.....Ha....pathetic....

Leave me alone, he whimpered.

Ha...leave you say....hahahahaha.....

The laughter faded, the breeze died....died like all of them.

Beloved....., her voice softly called.

Picard closed his golden eyes. Yes, he answered. Yes, I am ready....

Ready? Hahaha....the mocking voice returned. Ready, yes ready to crumble.....

Say what you want, but my mind's made up, Picard retorted.

What? What are you doing...?

He reached into his knapsack and the sun wormed its way, flashing upon steel. It's human nature to fear death. It's unknown and humans fear the unknown. Originally to conquer that fear was to kill it, destroy it, drive away the source. But you can't out run death. Death will come for you. Few men and women have conquered the fear of death, of the darkness, and accepted the fact that death would claim you. It was inevitable.....and Picard was ready.

He hated his life, the loneliness. If he dared to make friends he would live the past anew. Watch as they withered away, death cascading upon them slowly having all the time in the world. It was his bloodline that tired him to this fate, this extended lifeline. Well that blood was about to end. His life was about to end.

Picard studied the pistol in his hand, having long ago discarded his sword. In this time a blade would do no good, not against bullets. No, he had bought this simple gun for self-protection. It was decent size, enough to conceal in a shirt, held six rounds, and reloading was fast. But he only needed one.....one would suffice for what he was going to do.....

A sigh of relief escaped from his lips....then he brought the gun to his head.....and pulled the trigger....

~ ~ ~

The next day was bright and cheerful. It was a Sunday, the day when families went out to play, spend time with children, wives, relatives, friends. A light breeze filled the air, and sun shone its rays upon the city warming the buildings. But the newspaper held an account that brought a cloud over this Sunday.

MAN FOUND DEAD!!! His body was located in the Cemetery in an isolated area. Nine gravestones were planted there. Police say it might have been suicide. They are further investigating the case. The man found dead has baby blue hair, golden eyes, around five foot eleven, and the age is roughly around earlier thirties....

Unknown who he is, many say he's Peter Dakerson, but Mr. Dakerson had emerald eyes.....the only evidence is a photo of ten people, one of whom resembles the man found dead. No names have been found.....

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Link:.....

.....well...was it a okay Angst? Was it decent? Or was it trash? (Crikets chirp.....).....review.....